

Let Her In by Rosy_el

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-10-17

Updated: 2016-10-17

Packaged: 2022-04-01 21:28:00

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 640

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“Nancy?” Nancy was trembling, hair and clothes stuck to her skin from the rain beating the earth outside. “What—what are you doing here?”

“Jonathan,” she panted. “Can I come in?”

Let Her In

Author's Note:

Oh dang, here's some Jancy. This fic is the events the day after those in "The Snowflake Learns to Dance" so read that one first to get a sense of what's going on.

March, 1985

"Nancy?" Nancy was trembling, hair and clothes stuck to her skin from the rain beating the earth outside. "What—what are you doing here?"

"Jonathan," she panted. The three syllables sent a chill down his spine. *Let her in*, his brain yelled but Jonathan remained rooted to his place, frozen, hand gripping the door protectively. Nancy's voice shook him; "Can I come in?"

Blinking, Jonathan nodded hurriedly. "Oh, yeah, yeah," his words stumbled over one another as he hastily kicked some of Will's left-out action figures under the living room's coffee table. Nancy didn't notice, or didn't seem to, as she stepped in, grateful to get out of the cold. Her blue eyes were icy and her cheeks flushed. Jonathan's were too, but for different reasons.

A drop of water fell from a curl on her hairline, sending it down the bridge of her nose. Jonathan watched it as it glided swiftly down through the corner of Nancy's mouth and fell from her chin. "You left this at my house," she reached into the pocket of her jacket—her red monster-hunting one—and pulled out a small cassette tape. "*Slow*" was scrawled across the label in Jonathan's sharp handwriting.

He smirked, Bowie's *Sorrow* again playing in his head as he thought back to the day before when he had tried teaching El to dance at the Wheeler's house. Nancy had ended up being the primary educator though, Jonathan unable to do much good other than stand in as a dance partner.

"Thanks," Jonathan offered, gently taking the tape from Nancy's hand. His brow furrowed. "You could've just brought it to me at school. I mean, you're soaked." It then hit Jonathan how rude he was for not giving her something to get warm. "Uh," he spun around and picked up the nearest blanket—a brown, knitted throw tossed haphazardly across the back of the sofa. Jonathan laid it across Nancy's thin shoulders.

A thankful smile crossed Nancy's face but something seemed...off.

"Oh, well, I actually needed to," her eyes fell from Jonathan and flitted to the floor, "talk to you."

Jonathan frowned slightly, confused at her. He thought about how this moment would make a good picture—Nancy standing there, grasping for words as droplets of rain water trickled down her temple. His fingers itched for his camera but he stood still. Jonathan watched as Nancy pulled her lip between her teeth and found himself chewing his own.

Her eyes wandered from the floor up to Jonathan's hand, which hung limply at his side. "Did it scar?" She asked, taking a careful step forward and picking up his hand in her own. He felt paralyzed as he just let her hold it, palm facing the ceiling as her small fingers grazed over the line of jagged skin. "Mine too." She turned her own hand over, the pink line identical to his.

"Why did you come, Nancy?" He whispered bluntly, dropping his hand back to his side. Nancy's eyes once again met the floor.

She swallowed timidly. "I—," hesitation painted her features, propelling Jonathan to the edge, "I'm not completely sure."

"That's bull, Nancy." Jonathan stayed standing perfectly still. Stubbornness kicked into Nancy and a fire lit her crystal-clear eyes. "Why did you come here, in the freezing rain—"

"*Because*, Jonathan." Nancy closed the 12-inch gap between them and fearlessly pressed her cold lips onto Jonathan's burning ones. He blinked, eyes jolted wide in sudden astonishment. But he didn't pull away. Without even thinking, Jonathan's eyes fell shut and his arms

made their way around her waist. Nancy's fingers danced across the back of his neck and through his hair softly, like he'd fly away if she moved too fast. After they ran out of air and then three seconds more, Nancy peeled herself away. "Because," she breathed.

Author's Note:

So? Thoughts?